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Mrs. Fletcher Harper



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In Memoriam
Peter Fenelon Collier

New York
Privately Printed
M C M X

1910

Of this Memorial
to my Father
there are printed
nine hundred and eighty-five
Copies

To Fletcher Harper, Esq.

With much admiration for you please
and hoping you will soon be up again

Benj. Carter

May 4th 1910

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To My Mother

In Memoriam

*Not his the loss, not his the darkening void,
For he is friended by his own good deeds,
Companioned by his kindnesses; he sees
The seeds of charity he sowed so wide
Flower now about him in the fields of Heaven;
He is not cold; for he has doffed in death
This masque of clay for God's warm cloak of love;
And when the snow sifts on this little mound
He smiles and knows God's sunshine in his soul.*

*We are the poor, the lonely, the bereft;
Our hands shall know no more his hearty clasp,
Our eyes smile back into his honest eyes,
Nor see their brave blue melt in tenderness
Or light with mischief as a laughing boy's;
That voice of courage we shall hear no more
Raised for the right, nor yet his glad "halloo"
Cheering the pack, nor in his playground mood
His happy shout ring clear above the game.*



WICKATUNK



THE DEATH MASK

In Memoriam

THIS little book is intended for my father's friends and is made up partly of the kind words many of them wrote to me about him, and partly of some intimate and characteristic pictures which may serve from time to time to bring him back to mind. He revealed himself so freely to his friends that it is almost unnecessary for his son to attempt to do justice here to a side of his character not always on the surface.

My father, under a merry and boyish exterior, was a man whose life was molded by serious purpose and faith in the rugged doctrine of hard work. He came to this country a penniless Irish lad, and what success he achieved was due to himself alone. I have always had the feeling that, had occasion offered, my father would have been a great soldier—or had that phase of life attracted him, a successful man in politics. His playtime hours, into which he crowded all the zest of an exuberant physique, were



AT THE AGE OF FORTY

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the complement of many hours of intense mental activity, and it was his remarkable will power which enabled him to drive alternately the two dynamos of mind and body at top speed. A man whose life is to be one of action may find some advantage in the possession of a secure, even if somewhat limited, education. In my father's case, the very simplicity of his fundamental training (he was educated at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio, with some thought of becoming a priest) made him see life with a view more direct and vital than most men. I remember, as a boy of ten or twelve, his reading aloud to me play after play of Shakespeare. A few years later, when he came home tired from the office, at seven or eight o'clock of an evening, he would have me read Dante or Byron to him. When Edwin Booth was playing a two or three weeks' engagement in New York, it was my father's custom to secure a box for every performance. He

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used to take with him the young men from his office, and not a few of them were judged by the manner in which the great tragedian stirred or failed to stir their imagination. This was when he was about forty, just building his business success, going hard with the Meadow Brook hounds two days a week, and, as he would say, "*making every moment count.*" Shakespeare and Balzac were his constant companions, and the veritable watchword of his life was the latter's phrase, "Ideas and hard work are the key to all success." In later years he still retained a boyish avidity for books, and though his gifts of expression in writing were not developed, he had a naif and telling faculty of description for people and places. It was a treat to watch him, after a hard day's run with hounds, entertaining a company of Catholic priests at Eatontown and discussing theology, sport, books, politics, and the affairs of the parish, in a mood that was half-banter, half-serious seeking



MAJESTIC

The name of Majestic was almost as familiar as that of Punch to the frequenters of the National Horse Show in its early days. He, too, was a remarkable high jumper, and on account of his dun color and peculiarly shaped ears was often called "The Mule." He was a marvelous horse over timber, always ridden in a snaffle, and my father hunted him with the Meadow Brook and Monmouth County hounds for more than fifteen years.



PUNCH

By many considered to be the greatest jumper America has ever seen. He stood a shade above fifteen hands, but thought nothing of jumping six feet six. He won the high jump for several years consecutively in the first shows of the National Association. At the age of twenty-four he won the Champion Cup at Philadelphia, competed for only by first prize winners in the jumping classes. He carried my father over the biggest timber on Long Island and he reached the extraordinary age of thirty-two. I have seen him a year before his death taken out of the pasture without shoes or saddle and jumped over two five-foot fences.

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after facts, and wholly characteristic of his Irish hospitality.

In business, my father was essentially a pioneer. He did all his own thinking. He would frequently waken in the middle of the night "with an idea," and he had the resolution to force his theories to an immediate test. Failure never daunted him. He took reverses in the same spirit he would a fall in the hunting field. Catch your horse, if he's got away from you, up and off again. His letters were laconic; not concerned with words, but with *ideas*; he literally talked to each one of his branch managers every day: flattered, scolded, upbraided—with no gentle sarcasm; appealed to their spirit if they were highly strung, dominated with a rod of iron if they were phlegmatic. But through it all there was an irrepressible note of gaiety, of humor, as who should say, "I wouldn't say that to you if I weren't fond of you." When he died, the letters and telegrams I received



LORD LANGFORD

Painted by Lynwood Palmer

The first Irish horse my father imported. A grand type, a bold fencer and a hunter of extraordinary endurance. This painting, by Lynwood Palmer, was won by my father riding Lord Langford in the Corinthian Class of the open-air Horse Show in 1892. Langford, like Majestic and Punch, lived to a green old age and is buried with them at Eatontown.

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were not perfunctory expressions of condolence. Those from his own employees particularly, came from the heart, and frequently referred to him as one who had been "a friend, almost a father" to the writers. His sense of justice made it impossible for him to overlook indifferent work, but his loyalty to old associates was such that sentiment permeated all his business relations. Notwithstanding frequent consideration of self-interest to the contrary, his death found him buying paper and machinery from the same firms which had befriended him thirty or forty years before, and surrounded by men as business associates who had been also lifelong friends.

It will be as a publisher of books and as the founder of an independent weekly newspaper that Peter Fenelon Collier will be most generally remembered. In both relations he gave all that was best in him to the public. As a publisher of books, apart from the fact that he was the first publisher



Peter Lenihan Collier.

He always would urge you to taste of his best,
 There was nothing too good for a friend or a guest,
 This big-hearted sportsman, would give you a jest,
 Then a lead over timber, just your courage to test.
 Alas, he has gone, to the land of the blest,
 In his own hunting country, we have laid him at rest.

VERSES BY H. L. HERBERT, ESQ.

In Memoriam

to bring good books within reach of the masses through the plan of small monthly payments, he never yielded to the two temptations by which he might have been betrayed. In the course of thirty years, during which he manufactured and sold nearly sixty million books, he never printed a volume against which a word could be urged on the grounds of morality. Even with authors whose great reputations might have shielded him from criticism—such as Tolstoy, or some of the early English novelists—his conception of duty forbade their publication. He could doubtless have doubled the sale of an edition of Balzac had he consented to include the “Contes Drolatiques.” And so firm was his belief in the educational value of good books that even after he had achieved success he steadfastly refused to print more expensive editions for a limited public. He lay awake many nights figuring how to sell Dickens and Scott and Thackeray at fifty cents a volume, and

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it was a real grief to him when the increase in the cost of paper and the shorter hours of labor made it necessary to raise the price ever so slightly. So with the Weekly. Though he had lost a considerable fortune in establishing it, and though he sometimes doubted my youthful judgment as its editor, he never failed to back me up to the fullest degree, when an evil had to be exposed or a public enemy routed. He wanted the Weekly to be a force for good in the community, rather than a commercial success if the choice had to be made, and he was willing to make many sacrifices, to fight dangerous libel suits, and to be made the target for blackmailing "society papers," rather than seek safety in a silence he believed to be cowardly.

He was by instinct gregarious, but those who mistook his genial and democratic interest in his fellow men for "social ambition" would be surprised could they know how uncomplainingly he accepted, in the course



AT THE AGE OF FIFTY

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of duty, the abuse and innuendo from which so many had purchased immunity at the cost of self-respect.

One of the rare qualities in my father was this: that though he had known what poverty meant, had indeed worked with his hands at more than one trade early in life, and though, all through his career, he had never been entirely free from financial worries, money for him never assumed a disproportionate importance. Not that he lacked acquisitive ability, for he built up a vast business organization, but that he saw, with a cheerful philosophy denied to many, that money was only a means to an end. My father was always ready to convert it into help for those who needed help (in quiet, personal, human ways, not in big advertised charities), into pleasure for his friends, into health-giving sport, and into the thousand aspects by which this human journey is made brighter and happier for one's traveling companions.



WITH THE MONMOUTH COUNTY HOUNDS, 1898

P. F. Collier, M. F. H. on Ascetic, Hon. George von L. Meyer on Tipperary Boy, R. J. Collier on Barbecue, Mrs. Ladenburg on Good Boy, W. Scott Cameron on The Lamb, John E. Cowdin on Elvis, H. L. Herbert on Irish Boy

"Ascetic," the horse my father is riding in this picture, was a very unusual type. He was a difficult horse to handle. I doubt whether any one but my father would have hunted him. He combined an imperious temper with great speed and courage and marvelous jumping ability. He gave my father many falls, but I think that endeared Ascetic to him all the more.

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My father was a religious man. By religious I do not mean necessarily a man whose mind was greatly occupied with ecclesiastical affairs. He was a devout Catholic, of course. I do not believe he ever willingly missed Mass on Sunday, but when I say religious I mean that he saw life in simple terms of faith. He had his failings, and recognized the fact, but he worked, and he played, and he dealt with his fellow men, with a strong consciousness of responsibility to his Creator. Fortunately, he was too healthy-minded, too little of a hypocrite, to wear his religion on his sleeve, but the inner man of him was sincere and reverent.

It was in the number and the quality of his friendships that my father's life was richest. It might be said of him, as a friend, that the more he gave the more he had to give. Certainly the last year of his life found him surrounded by a wide but affectionate circle, of all degrees and stations in life. The mellowing of time had added unselfish-



GREENFIELD

One of my father's favorites during the last ten years, and the one that gave him his greatest runs in Monmouth County, was Greenfield. He was seventeen hands, black, three-quarter bred and built like a steeplechaser. He was fast, generous and bold; neither ditch nor timber could stop him, and he possessed a perfect mouth and manners.



MEADOW BROOK DRAG HOUNDS

A check after a fast gallop.

In Memoriam

ness to an already sympathetic nature; he saw the world through a mist of tenderness and affection; year by year he glowed more with the hope of being able to return, through well-doing, the well-being that was his through friendships. He came nearer in spirit to the poor as he grew older; he became more thoughtful of the unfortunate; his dreams were not dreams of money, or power, or even of sport; nor were they ambitious plans for linking his name with important benefactions, hospitals, or churches; he was finding his happiness in making life happier for others. It was in this mood that he returned from Ireland the last time. He spoke with his old heartiness of the sport, of the eighty days' hunting without a fall, of his last great day on Curraghtown in the Dublin country, where he was one of five to finish, but he came back always to the condition of the poor, to the building of their industries, to the need of factories and schools. "Rob, dearest," he



POLO, A HARD RIDE OUT

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said to me, "if I were ten years younger now I could go to Ireland and start a great publishing business. There is nothing Ireland needs so much now as work. Work and capital are what they need. I wish I could do more to help the old country."

For a private citizen my father, as I say, had an extraordinarily wide and diversified acquaintance. It was amusing when traveling with him to find how many friends, recruited from every rank of society, would spring up in out-of-the-way places. Now it would be a hearty Westerner who had been taken with his open-heartedness and pluck; now a poor workingman "down on his luck," to whom he had given a job, and, far more precious, a few words of encouragement; sometimes a young priest whose parish troubles he would make his own; often a sportsman interested in some branch of sport my father had never tried, but in which he would be as frankly interested as a child. He was a friend of children always,



P. F. COLLIER ON BROWN DICK

This picture was taken when he was playing back for the Rock-away team at Lakewood in 1900.

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and preserved, in himself, that freshness of interest, almost amounting to curiosity, which characterizes an unspoiled boy. He was never bored, and seldom too tired to fling into his surroundings the sunshine of his infectious spirits. I do not believe he consciously proportioned the ingredients of his life, but the phrase "well rounded" applied to few men as happily as to him.

He was a worker first of all; he was an early riser, in the beginning of his career as a publisher, he often told me, he used to get up at five, have all his mail answered by seven, make his purchases of stock, go out and sell books half the day and spend the other half making his own collections; even to the day of his death it was his custom to turn his first thought to a voluminous business mail; but he never permitted business worries to become his "old man of the sea." So with his playtime: though he might throw himself into his polo or his hunting with the abandon of a boy,



ROCKAWAY—THE JUNIOR CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM OF 1901

P. F. Collier R. J. Collier R. La Montagne, Jr. W. H. Hazard

In Memoriam

he was always at the office bright and early the next morning with not a thought outside his work. He was successful in business, but he cared nothing for money as such; he was an earnest Catholic, but always treated his neighbors' faith with the tolerance and respect he exacted for his own; he enjoyed the society of clever and cultivated people, but he never forgot or turned away from those he had known when he was poor. He was as quick to resent snobbishness in others as he was incapable of it himself. And though what he achieved is sufficient evidence of his ambition, and though he lacked no proper pride in that achievement, he made no undue sacrifices to the fetish of success. It was neither for money nor for power that he had builded. It was first, perhaps, for my mother and myself, and next undoubtedly because he believed that to spread millions of good books among our people was an honorable and useful office. I cannot but

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believe that as a publisher of clean and cheap literature, as a business man of high ideals, and as a sportsman in the truest sense, my father rendered a real service to the public.

There is little need for me to say anything here about "Pat" Collier as a sportsman. No man ever followed hounds who rode with more courage or more love of the sport.

In his life there were few human friends that meant more to him than Punch and Ascetic and Langford, Greenfield and Dunsandel. Many a day he gave his neck to their keeping, and many's the five-rail fence and the wide ditch and the nasty ravine they have carried him safely over. There have been more skilful horsemen in Meath, and at Meadow Brook the "bull dogs" may have set a stiffer pace, but no bigger heart ever beat under a master's scarlet coat than that of the M. F. H. of Monmouth County.

Few sons have been fortunate as I in my relations with my father. Perhaps the fact



DUNSANDEL

This picture was taken at the Lakewood Horse Show, probably in 1905 or 1906. It shows Dunsandel clearing the five-foot jump. This was my father's favorite mount during his last five years' hunting in America. He was riding Dunsandel at the New York Riding Club on the night of his death. I am glad to say that Dunsandel, who is a grand jumper with perfect manners, is now owned and hunted by that gallant sportsman, H. L. Herbert.



"THE WORRY"

This picture was taken at Newport, probably during the season of 1905. It was my father's custom to take a few couple of hounds, and half a dozen horses for a short autumn season over the stone wall country, near Newport. He always loved to watch hounds at work, and this picture gives a characteristic glimpse of him as Master.

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that I was an only son conspired in my favor, but from boyhood I was my father's play-fellow. We played polo together, we hunted together, and we worked together. If anything, he was the younger. I remember one great day in the Holmdel Valley, my father on Greenfield and I on Barbecue, both fast, strong goers and great jumpers, coming to a five-rail fence and jumping it side by side. I can see his merry twinkle and hear his laughing brogue as he called to me: "I'll pound you yet, my boy"—and he *did*, at the very next post and rail when Barbecue refused. I firmly believe my father did not know the meaning of fear. Year after year he would pay his toll of broken bones—ribs, collar-bones, even a *fractured skull*—and no sooner had his surgeon discharged him than he was once more astride his horse. His vitality was a never ending source of wonder even to his intimates. Mr. Herbert, one of his dearest friends and closest companions in sport, tells of a day



AT "THE KENNELS," BATONTOWN, N. J.

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when he hunted twenty miles over a stiff line, rode fifteen more to a polo match, played in a hard fought game, took the train to town for dinner and arrived in time to be the life of the party. And yet with this great physical courage and fine constitution, he had an almost womanly tenderness of heart. He could never speak of certain dear friends without a tell-tale moisture in his eyes. Nor was he ashamed to show his feelings. It used to cause amusement, sometimes, when I was no longer a boy—perhaps after a polo match in which we had both played—to see him kiss his grown-up son good night. But he and I never “grew up” to one another.

I happen to remember a characteristic instance of his thoughtfulness and feeling. It seems that in the second year of my father's married life, before I was born, when the struggle for a livelihood was very hard indeed, he was taken with typhoid fever. He had practically no money. It was in

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the middle of winter in a strange city,—Syracuse, N. Y., and my mother determined to take him to the Catholic Hospital. There for nearly five weeks she and the good sisters nursed him. His mind in delirium was continually reverting to the necessity of earning something to support my mother. One bitter cold day, when his convalescence was half over he slipped out from the hospital, to the unspeakable alarm of the nurses and my mother, without an overcoat and in the deep snow of midwinter. For three days they could get no trace of him; on the fourth he returned, offering to pay the hospital authorities, out of the savings from his three days' labor, for all their care of him. The kind-hearted nuns refused. This must have been sometime in the early '70s. Two years ago one of the same sisters who had nursed my father was herself taken ill (with some heart affection) in a hospital just outside of New York. Notwithstanding his heavy business responsibilities, and many



AT A ROCKAWAY-MEADOW BROOK MATCH

P. F. Collier Foxhall Ke... R. La Montagne, Jr. J. E. Cowdin
 Daniel Chauncey

For many years my father played "back" on the Rockaway team, and with "the boys" as he used to call Rene La Montagne and Dan Chauncey, (poor Dan, fated to follow my father within so short a time!) and his dear friend, "Billy" Hazard, won many important trophies at Philadelphia, Newport and Point Judith.



A HUNT BREAKFAST

In Memoriam

engagements, each week my father and a famous consulting physician would drive out together in his motor to see this gentle old lady. And my father, in addition to a little hamper of sick-room delicacies, would delight in producing, with a twinkle of mischief, a tiny quarter-bottle of champagne. Then for a half-hour or more the invalid's room would be merry with laughter, and reminiscence, and, when he left it, bright with flowers. On the very day of his death, I remember my father had an engagement with his friend, Dr. Delafield, who was his partner in these enterprises. Nor was I surprised to find that in his will he had made provision for that little hospital in Syracuse which had cared for him as a poor man nearly forty years before.

This little book is for my father's friends. It is made up, largely, of their loving tributes. The honor in which his memory is kept by them is my most precious inherit-



SOME PATERNAL WORDS OF ADVICE

In Memoriam

ance. I hope the pictures gathered here will help to keep fresh the recollection of his merry countenance and his happy and undaunted personality. He lived a brave and clean and loving life—he died in harness, as he would have wished to die. He rests now on a high hill overlooking the hunting country he loved so well. At its foot in neighboring pastures some of his old hunters, pensioners now, are browsing. At his head, is an altar, a single stone, where in the spring, Mass will be said under the open sky for the repose of his soul. Peace be with him. I believe the world was better for his having lived and worked, and that the inspiration of his courage and generosity has heartened not a few of his fellow men.



TWO SPORTSMEN

From the time they first used to ride to hounds together on Long Island in the early eighties, Mr. Herbert on his famous Transport and my father on Punch, they had been inseparable. No accident could keep either of them long from the saddle, and together they have been an inspiration to clean sport. If my father was the Nestor of American hunting, Mr. Herbert is undoubtedly the Nestor of American polo.

A Few Letters from Friends

A Few Letters from Friends

There are printed here only a few letters out of the great number received, and these few are selected with much hesitation, as suggesting the range of my father's interests and the affectionate place held by him in the regard of all who knew him. The stress of feeling under which his most intimate friends wrote made it impossible to print the letters here, but their tributes to his memory are valued none the less for that. To the hundreds of unknown friends who wrote to express their sympathy, his family send their sincerest thanks.



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AT EATONTOWN, IN THE AUTUMN OF 1907

In Memoriam

[From Ex-President Roosevelt.]

Robert J. Collier, Esq.

My dear Collier:—

I have just seen the news of your father's death. I beg you to accept my very sincere sympathy. I know how much you were to one another. I have always felt that his career should be an example and an inspiration to our people; and not only did I heartily respect him but I had a strong personal liking for him. It is many years ago that I first hunted with him at Meadowbrook. I doubt if you were born then.

With warm regards to Mrs. Collier,

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Nairobi, 1st Aug., 1909



IN COURT DRESS, IRELAND, 1906

In Memoriam

[From the Countess of Aberdeen.]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

* * * Will you allow me to take this opportunity of conveying the expression of most deep and heartfelt sympathy to you and to your mother on the most sad and sudden bereavement which you have sustained? Your father's many friends in Ireland are all deeply grieved and realize how great is their loss; he was so true and kind a friend to all with whom he came in contact. Believe me,

Yours very truly,

ISABEL ABERDEEN.

Vice Regal Lodge, Dublin
8th May, 1909



ENTERTAINING POOR CHILDREN IN IRELAND

In the season of 1905 and 1906 my father had Athtumley House, County Meath. In the group above may be seen the late John Watson, then master of the Meath, a famous polo player and a life-long friend of my father; the Marquis and Marchioness of Headfort, and the Princes Louis and Antoine D'Orleans.

In Memoriam

[From a famous Irishman.]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

I saw, with infinite regret, the news of the death of your dear father last week. He was a man for whom I had the deepest respect, and even affection; not only for his brilliant gifts as a man of business, but also for his boundless kindness of heart and attachment to his own country and people. Pray convey my feelings to your mother, and believe me, always,

Yours very sincerely,

T. P. O'CONNOR.

Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, S. W.

May 1, 1909

In Memoriam

[From the Editor of the Emporia "Gazette."]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

I have just learned of your father's death. Let me express to you my sympathy in your loss. God knows the country has few enough of those sturdy, rugged, purposeful Americans, and the passing of one becomes an event in which all of us are losers. Long before I knew of you, I knew of your father. When I was a young fellow I bought his books and they brought to me literature that twenty years ago I could not have afforded but for him. He brought to millions of Americans the world's best literature. I should be immensely proud to have had a father like him.

Kindly convey to Mrs. Collier for Mrs. White and myself our sincerest condolences in your great loss.

Sincerely,

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

American Express Co., Rome, Italy
May 29, 1909

In Memoriam

[From Major-Gen. Sir John Moody.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

On behalf of Lady Moody and myself we beg to offer your mother and yourself our deep sympathy on the loss of your dear, kind father, whom some years ago on this side of the water we had the pleasure of knowing through Lady de la Warr. From time to time we used to hear of and from him, and I occasionally wrote to him. He was always so kind to all those he came across. Only last year, in Queen's County, Ireland, I had a long talk with Father Harris, the parish priest of Ballamkill, who had known him for a number of years when he went to Carlow.

* * * Many whom he befriended will greatly miss him. His genial presence was always welcome and cheered people up. What energy he had—it was infectious! His good works follow him.

With my wife's and my very kind regards,
I remain,

Yours very truly,

JOHN M. MOODY.

29, Upper Berkeley Street, London, W.

May 29, 1909



THE OFFICIALS OF THE LAKEWOOD
HORSE SHOW

In Memoriam

[From the head of S. D. Warren & Co.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

* * * I admired your father's qualities. He had the head of a man and the ready sympathies of a woman.

He placed many things above financial success as ideals to be lived for—the well-being of those whose lives he touched, his friendships, the enjoyment of life to the full.

Besides, he commanded business success by virtue of his clear head and fine standards of honorable dealing.

I feel that I have lost a stanch friend, and that the world is poorer by the loss of a good man.

Sincerely yours,

SAMUEL D. WARREN.

161 Devonshire Street, Boston

April 24, 1909

In Memoriam

[From a former President of Georgetown University.]

My dear Robert:—

* * * As you know, I am indebted to your father for many acts of kindness and repeated instances of generosity toward the college when I was responsible for its management. I always felt for him the warmest friendship. I shall not forget him in my daily sacrifices at the altar. It is a consolation to remember that he was always a courageous Catholic, never in the slightest degree hiding or compromising his faith. I trust that the Lord, whom he did not fail to confess before men, will acknowledge and receive him before His Father who is in heaven. * * *

Most sincerely yours,

JOS. HAVENS RICHARDS, S.J.

Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.
April 26, 1909

In Memoriam

[From the Editor of the N. Y. Evening Journal.]

My dear Collier:—

I am very sorry for you. I think that I know what you feel, partly at least, in losing your father and a friend that can never be replaced or forgotten. I am very glad that you published that beautiful and filial tribute to your father's splendid work in spreading good thought, in books, among millions of men.

Your father, with his great book distribution, repaid ten thousand-fold all that this country could do for him.

Such a man is a loss, in his going, to all of the people. I know that you will try hard to represent him and continue his work.

Yours sincerely, and with most sincere sympathy,

ARTHUR BRISBANE.

April 25, 1909



A MEET AT KILLEEN CASTLE

For the season of 1907, my father occupied Lord Fingall's seat, Killeen Castle. In his stable were fourteen hunters, and they carried him eighty days without a fall. His keenness, may be guessed from the fact that he hunted in Monmouth County the day before he last sailed for Ireland, in Ireland the day of his arrival, rode Curraghtown in the morning of the day he sailed from Queenstown and Dunsandel the morning after his arrival in New York.

In Memoriam

[From the Earl of Fingall, M. F. H. of the Meath Hunt.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

Permit me, though a stranger to you personally, to offer my sincere sympathy over the sad news to hand, by yesterday evening's and this morning's Dublin papers. I am sure, however, that your poor father came to his end in, perhaps, as near the way he would have wished as is likely to happen to any of us—just “out of the saddle,” of which he was so fond.

I am sure that all who knew him will share in your sorrow. I remain,

Yours truly,

FINGALL.

Killeen Castle, Dunsany, County Meath
April 26, 1909

In Memoriam

[From an authority on amateur sport.]

Dear Collier:—

I am sure that no one ever found more in life, and that he went the ideal way, and the way we all hope to go when the time comes. But he has left a big gap.

Yours most sincerely,

WALTER CAMP.

April 26, 1909

[From a famous war correspondent.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

Only to-day have I heard of your great grief in the loss of a father, who built out of love for you, and of a partner and comrade who conquered a country and trained an army better than any that ever wore uniforms or carried rifles.

Sincerely yours,

FREDERICK PALMER.

Grand Hotel, Vienne, I., Karntnerring 9

May 1, 1909

In Memoriam

[From the Editor of the Louisville "Courier-Journal."]

Robert J. Collier,

29 Fifth Ave., New York.

My profound and heartfelt sympathy. I knew him long and well, and greatly esteemed him as a brave and upright colleague.

HENRY WATTERSON.

Louisville, Ky., April 24, 1909

[From the Editor of the Buffalo "News."]

Mr. Robert J. Collier:—

* * * I have long admired and esteemed him personally, and feel a certain pride in him as an honor to his profession for his ability, enterprise, public spirit, and devotion to what he believed to be the best causes. I beg you to accept my sincere sympathy over your irremediable loss.

EDWARD H. BUTLER.

Buffalo, New York



AT A MORNING MEET OF THE FOX
HOUNDS AT MEADOW BROOK

In Memoriam

[From a former Justice of the New York Supreme Court.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

I beg to acknowledge your courteous note in which you truthfully refer to the lifelong friendship between your father, of loved memory, and myself. It was a sad duty to perform, but I have the consolation of having been with him to the end, and of having the opportunity in a feeble and dumb way to express my deep respect and great affection for him. We are left, you and your mother especially, to suffer and mourn over his absence, which, however, for me will not be long.

I have now reached the age when old friends and relatives, never to be replaced, disappear rapidly, leaving but the memory of their friendship and love, a memory which, in the case of your dear father, I shall always cherish as a sacred and valuable heritage. With heartfelt sympathy for yourself and your mother, and with best wishes ever, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

MORGAN J. O'BRIEN.

Two Rector Street
May 6th, 1909

In Memoriam

[From a subscriber to COLLIER'S.]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

* * * Your father strikes me as one of the great, modest, unostentatious men. No one will be able to measure the amount of good he has done publicly. Privately, very few know his work. I can see him help in an unobtrusive way a poor college student here, a sick family in the Ghetto there, and assist the family of a poor ragged urchin whom he met in the streets. I feel indeed sad when I hear of the untimely death of a man like him. There are so many of us who could be so much more easily spared that it is a pity men of his type are taken away prematurely. * * *

Very sincerely yours,

MICHAEL LEVIN.

Michael Levin, Attorney and Counsellor at Law
1322 Vermont Avenue Northwest
Washington, D. C.
May 5, 1909

In Memoriam

[From a former branch manager.]

Mr. Robert J. Collier,
416 W. 13th St.,
New York City.

Dear Sir:—

* * * While it has never been my privilege to meet your father, or have I ever seen his picture until your last week's paper, I was in his employ for eleven years, from 1885 to 1896, as bookkeeper and manager in Davenport and St. Louis, and daily read letters bearing his signature.

Never in that time was I asked to do an act that could be construed to be in the least shade dishonest, or have I ever known him to refuse to make right a wrong done by an employee if the matter came to his attention.

I have the greatest regard for his ability and his kindness, and for his broad toleration of every man's religious views.

In his death the world has lost a producing man of sterling character.

Very truly yours,

LEWIS A. DILLEY.

International Harvester Company of America,
Davenport, Iowa
May 1, 1909

In Memoriam

[From an unknown friend.]

Mr. Robert J. Collier,

New York.

My dear Mr. Collier:—

One pleasant spring day I was careering along Irving Place in the wake of an active small son, resplendent, to my partial eyes, in his first pair of trousers. As he ran ahead he went full tilt into the knees of a gentleman who came from one of the residences near Gramercy Park, and down went my baby—to the damage of his feelings and his trousers. The gentleman helped me to pick him up, and while we consoled and scrubbed the baby, we fell into a friendly conversation about babies and boys in general. I was a very young mother, and, in response to my eager inexperience, this delightful gentleman told me of his boy—how strong and fine a chap he was, and how much anxiety he had felt as a father. And he gave me some friendly advice about keeping friends with one's lad, and not minding the damage to white trousers that a fall or two would give, but being careful to keep a white mind and soul. Our ways parted, and, with a charming smile, my gentleman went away. I never saw him again or knew anything of him until I opened my copy of COLLIER's to-day and looked into his smiling, friendly eyes again and knew him for your father.

In Memoriam

Fate has made me break my alabaster box too late for him to know, but to you I can say that those helpful words of his to a total stranger, just a shabby little mother, and the spontaneous sympathy with which they were spoken, have made the training of one boy better and more sympathetic—"more love and less law in it," as he said. Accept my sympathy in your great loss.

Very sincerely yours,

* * * * *

[From the Editor of "America," a Catholic Weekly.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

* * * It is not sympathy so much as appreciation I feel of one who labored so ardently pioneering in a sphere of influence which, prior to his day, had been sadly neglected among our people. His departure was characteristic of his life—I should say of his nature—to which work was pleasure. It is so rare to meet a man undaunted as he was. *Non omnis moritur.* * * *

To think of him is an incentive to imitate his activities, even at the altar.

Sincerely,

JOHN J. WYNNE, S. J.

32 Washington Square, W.
New York City

In Memoriam

[From a former Meadow Brook Master of Hounds.]

Dear Collier:—

It was with great sorrow that I read of the death of your dear father. He was a good sportsman and a good friend and will be greatly missed. It is too bad he could not have lived to enjoy the sport in Ireland next season, which would have given him so much pleasure. I send you much sympathy.

Yours sincerely,

F. GRAY GRISWOLD.

Grand Hotel D'Aix, Guibert Frères & Gaudin,
Aix-Les-Bains
May 5, 1909

[From the founder of the Gerry Society.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

Only a word of deepest sympathy in your great sorrow.

Your late father was an old friend of mine for many years, and one for whom I entertained a warm personal regard. I was greatly shocked to learn of his sudden calling hence.

Sincerely yours,

ELBRIDGE T. GERRY.

2 East 61st Street, New York
April 24, 1909

In Memoriam

[From a former classmate.]

Mr. Robert J. Collier,

Dear Sir:—

* * * As one who has known, since 1870, your father, and who has lived among the people here who knew him in the struggling years of his early manhood, permit me to thank you for the truthful, manly, and sympathetic obituary note you have written in the last issue of the magazine that will perpetuate his name.

As one who was his classmate in Mt. St. Mary's Seminary—perhaps the only one now left—I can realize how perfect your summing up of his character was. Be kind enough to accept the assurances of my sympathy. I am,

Yours respectfully,

WM. D. HICKEY.

St. Joseph's Church
Rev. Wm. D. Hickey, Pastor
Dayton, Ohio, May 4, 1909

In Memoriam

[From a prominent banker.]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

I wish to extend to you and family my sincere condolence on the death of your father, whose geniality, kindness, and good citizenship appealed to all who knew him.

Sincerely,

ISAAC N. SELIGMAN.

Isaac N. Seligman,
One William Street, New York

[From a former foreman of the bindery, now a successful
book manufacturer.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

In tendering my sympathy to you, and yours, in this dark hour, I do so in the fullness of my own grief. Your father was the best friend I ever had, and I loved him.

Yours sincerely,

BENJ. BODEN.

April 24, 1909

In Memoriam

[From an English journalist.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

Just a line to tell you that tears have been shed in England over your father's death, and your own recording of it.

Always yours,

WILFRID MEYNELL.

4, Granville Place Mansions, W.

Friday, in May, 1909

[From the Master of the Tipperary Fox Hounds.]

My dear Sir:—

Though I have never had the pleasure of making your acquaintance, I am writing to assure you that I, as all of your late father's friends, regretted very much reading the sad news of his death, and I beg to offer to you and the members of his family my deepest sympathy. In this all my family join; we all had a great love, I might say, for Mr. Collier.

Yours sincerely,

R. BURKE.

Grove, Fethard, County Tipperary

May 5th, 1909

In Memoriam

[From the Huntsman of the Monmouth Co. Hounds.]

MR. ROBERT,

Dear Sir:—

I hardly know how to write to you, but you will know how much I sympathize with you, and how badly I feel over the death of the well beloved Master. I felt so much that I could not be in Eatontown to see him laid to his rest. I could not believe that he was dead, for he looked so well and happy when he left here. All the people (both rich and poor) in Meath feel very deeply, and the regret of every one that he should be taken away is very sincere. * * * I remain,

Yours truly,

E. CAFFYN.

Killeen Castle, Dunsany
County Meath
April 30th, 1909

In Memoriam

[From an editor and publisher.]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

* * * Your father was one of my earliest acquaintances upon my return to New York in '79, and I found him always so kindly, so wide in his sympathies, yet so able in business, that I conceived a great admiration for him; and felt a personal fondness for the man. Together you have made your journal one of the three greatest powers for good. You are making a magnificent fight for humanity. Its success reminds one of Victor Hugo's words: "For the world lets everything perish which is nothing but selfishness—everything which does not represent an idea or a benefit for the human race"; and per contra. * * *

Yours faithfully,

JOHN BRISBEN WALKER.

The Denver Club

April 25, 1909

In Memoriam

[From an Irish Parish Priest.]

Dear Mr. Collier:—

I respectfully offer you my most sincere sympathy on the appalling bereavement that has befallen you in the death of your distinguished father.

He had made a name for himself not only in America, but here in Ireland. His well-known figure in the hunting field was a welcome sight to all in Meath. He was a great friend of the poor and a sincere friend of the land of his birth.

I know that his patriotism was often tested in the social circles in which he moved here—but, like gold passing through fire, its sterling qualities came out the more brilliantly.

Personally I owe him gratitude for many little acts of kindness. I am deeply sorry that I will never see him more.

I hope that God may have mercy on his soul.

I am, dear Mr. Collier,

Sympathetically yours,

P. FARRELL, P.P.

The Presbytery, Ballivor, County Meath

28th April, 1909

In Memoriam

[From a great manufacturer.]

Robert J. Collier,

Dear Sir:—

I was in New York when the news of your father's death was announced. Although I had not the honor of his acquaintance, nor yours, my impulse was to write you a letter of sympathy in your loss, of congratulation on your kinship to a man of his rounded character.

He was of my own age, and the relation existing between him and his son the same intimate fellowship that is between my two sons and myself. Your review to your father's life work a few months since, and your announcement in this week's paper, are fine tributes to a parent of whom you are justly proud.

Such men, and such sons, are the hope of our great country.

Yours very sincerely,

SPENCER BORDEN.

Fall River Bleachery, Fall River, Mass.

May 1, 1909

In Memoriam

Dear Mr. Collier:—

I send you my sincerest sympathy in your great loss. I knew your father as a great man, a deeply, sincerely good man, and a man who made the world brighter and more alive for everyone with whom he came in contact. Infrequent as were my meetings with him, he made me, like so many others, feel a personal friendship for him, and this is my excuse for venturing to write you now.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN CORBIN.

131 East Fifteenth Street
March 7th, 1909

In Memoriam

[From Mark Twain.]

Dear Robert:—

If in my time I shall have your good and dear father's happy fortune, be glad for me, as I am glad for him; but grieve for those I leave behind, as I am grieving for you and yours.

With my love,

S. L. CLEMENS.

Stormfield, Redding, Connecticut
April 24, 1909

Resolutions



AT A DINNER OF THE POLO
ASSOCIATION

Resolutions

There is space here for only a few of the many resolutions of sympathy adopted by clubs, library associations and other bodies in which my father was interested. The two resolutions from associations of his employees show their feeling toward my father, and I value them most highly.

In Memoriam

At a regular meeting of the members of the P. F. Collier & Son Employees Benevolent Association the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, our worthy and highly respected employer, Peter Fenelon Collier, was called from our midst by death on April 24th, 1909. By his untiring zeal and energy, his strict devotion to the interests of our Association and by his noble example he has endeared himself to every member, therefore,—be it

Resolved, That we express our appreciation of the work he has done for us, and trust that we may continue to labor in the way he has exemplified, knowing that it will lead us on to still greater achievements; and be it further

Resolved, That this tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased employer be entered on the minutes of this Association and a copy presented to the family of our departed friend.

WILLIAM H. WHITE, President

JAMES A. CAMERON, Secretary

FRANCIS J. MCGOWAN

EDWARD D. WIRTH

JOHN J. SULLIVAN

JOHN J. MCGOWAN

JOHN J. BOYLE

Adopted, Thursday, May 6th, 1909.

P. F. Collier & Son Employees
Benevolent Association

In Memoriam

Local Union No. 1 (Bookbinders) of this City has learned with sincere regret of the death of Peter Fenelon Collier, in whose demise we feel we have lost a true friend.

Mr. Collier has ever shown a disposition to be fair to his employees in our past negotiations with him.

We have always realized that we have been dealing with a gentleman, imbued with desire to be honest with his fellows. His general reputation, sustained throughout the trades employed by him, is a truly enviable one in this age of conflict between employers and employees.

We desire at this time, sir, to tender to his bereaved wife, to yourself and relatives our deep sympathy in their great sorrow and trust that the remembrance of his high standard of character, the respect and love in which your departed father was held by his fellow men, will ever be a solace to their sorrow and an example for emulation.

That the Divine Ruler of all, who has removed from our midst a devoted husband, a loving father, a faithful friend, a true man, may send comfort to his near ones in their hour of mourning, is the sincere wish of the members of this Local Union.

SIMON HARTMANN, President.

JOHN F. GING, Secretary.

New York, May 10, 1909

In Memoriam

At our first meeting since the death of Peter Fenelon Collier, Mr. E. Goodman, M.C.C., proposed and the Rev. Father Lyons, C.C., St. L., seconded "that our Secretary be directed to convey to the relatives and friends of Mr. Collier our sincere sympathy in their great bereavement and our deep sorrow at the loss they have sustained by his death, and that we deplore the demise of so generous a benefactor to Irish Libraries and Literary Associations."

In conveying to you this vote of sympathy, I desire personally to be associated with it and to add my heartfelt condolences at the loss of so great and good a man, and so beneficent a friend to our Library here.

I have the honor to be, Gentlemen, with great sympathy and respect,

Very faithfully yours,

JOSEPH M. JOHNSON, Hon. Sec.

Public Library, Dundalk, Ireland

In Memoriam

[From the Dedham Polo Club.]

My dear Mr. Collier:—

The members of the Dedham Polo Club wish me to write and try to express to you the sympathy they feel towards you in your loss by the death of your father. Most of us have enjoyed his open hospitality and have taken great pleasure in those polo matches, where his keen rivalry and clean sportsmanship have added so much zest. Our contact with Mr. Collier was comparatively slight, but our sense of loss is great—and therefore we send you this letter informally but from our hearts.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM S. PATTEN,

President Dedham Polo Club.

Dedham Polo Club, Boston, Mass.

May 5th, 1909

In Memoriam

Inasmuch as Mr. Robert J. Collier, a Trustee of The Civic Forum and one of its founders, has met with great bereavement in the recent death of his father, be it therefore

Resolved, That we, the Trustees of The Civic Forum, hereby extend to Mr. Collier our sincere sympathy. The large influence for good and adherence to fine ideals of citizenship which were characteristic of the deceased endeared him to friends and led those who had not the privilege of personal acquaintance with him to appreciate the inestimable loss which his death brings not only to his immediate family but also to this community.

MORGAN J. O'BRIEN

HENRY CLEWS

MARCUS M. MARKS

Committee of the Trustees.

The Civic Forum, New York

May 7th, 1909

In Memoriam

The Country Club of Lakewood, by resolution of its Board of Directors, desires to express to Mr. Robert J. Collier and the members of his family the sentiment of the Club regarding the late Peter Fenelon Collier.

They feel the loss of a respected and valued member, who was at all times ready to take part in the recreations of the Club and maintain them upon the highest standard of sportsmanship. They appreciate the generous hospitality he has so often shown.

He will be held in affectionate memory by all who had the honor of his personal acquaintance and knew of his courteous and cheerful companionship. His family has the sincere sympathy of every member of this Club in the loss which has befallen them.

HENRY L. HERBERT

LEWIS B. STILLWELL

DAVID PATON

Committee.

The Country Club of Lakewood
May 1909

In Memoriam

Resolved, That we, the members of the County Meath Coursing Club, have heard of the death of Peter Fenelon Collier with genuine regret, and hereby tender to Mr. Robert J. Collier and family our sincere condolence in their hour of affliction.

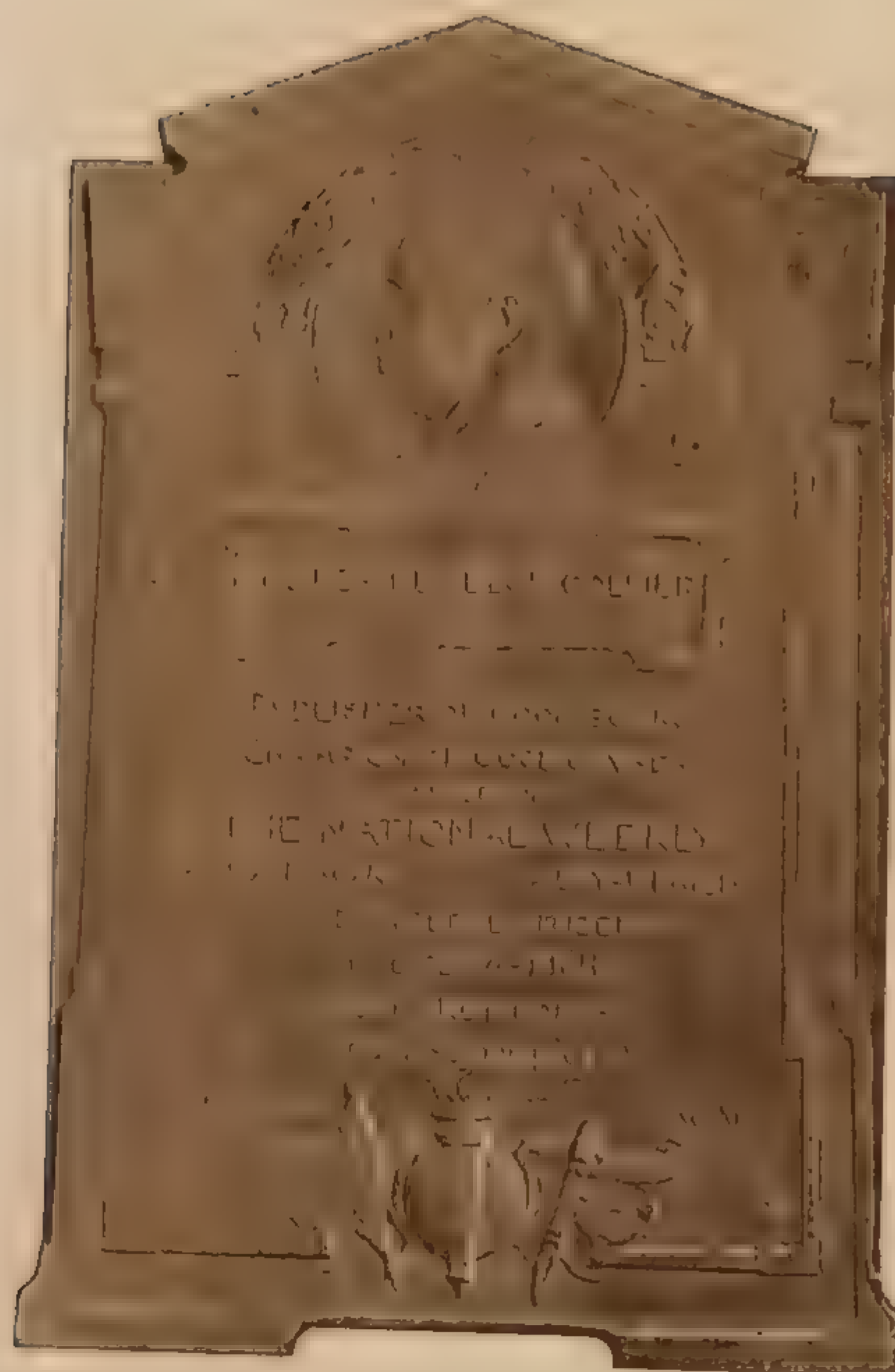
A grand old sport, and supporter of sport, including coursing, he had won the admiration of sportsmen the wide world over, but nowhere more than here, and our earnest hope is that Mr. R. J. Collier will take his father's place in the hunting fields of Royal Meath, and prevent the void which must obtain if no Collier comes amongst us.

Proposed by Mr. J. P. TIMMON, President,

Seconded by Mr. W. P. SMITH, Vice-President.

County Meath Coursing Club
May 22d, 1909

Tributes from the Press



Tributes from the Press

The newspaper and periodical press paid very generous tribute to the work done by my father as a book publisher and as the founder of Collier's Weekly. I have been able to select a few editorial expressions from important daily, weekly and monthly organs of opinion, and to these I have added a few sidelights on his character as an Irishman, a Catholic and a sportsman, from papers representing his countrymen, his co-religionists and his fellow-sportsmen. I am deeply grateful to those who have thus borne witness to the esteem in which they held him.

In Memoriam

The editorial page of the current issue of Collier's Weekly is prefaced by the following simple, touching and appropriate tribute in memorial of Peter Fenelon Collier, from his only son, Robert J. Collier, who succeeds him in the ownership of that great publication.

"It was my father's wish to die in harness, and so it came to pass. His gallant spirit went forth to meet death with the same smile with which he faced the New Country as a poor Irish boy over forty years ago. He worked his way to success with his strong hands (as a carpenter once in Dayton, Ohio, and at other humble, honorable tasks), and with his unflinching courage and with his big, open, boyish heart.

"He was absolutely fearless, yet the gentlest, the most easily moved, of men. He had friends in all walks in life, sprinkled all over the world. He worked hard and played hard, and he loved his fellow men, not theoretically, but with a hearty and personal affection.

In Memoriam

"This business he built, this paper he founded, are now thrust upon my shoulders. It is in memory of the most loving comrade in the world that I dedicate them to clean causes such as those for which he would have had me fight. God grant me strength to be worthy of him whom I loved so much."

What is said here by the son of the father is known by those who knew Peter Fenelon Collier to be the literal truth.

He was a big-brained, warm-hearted son of the Emerald Isle, every inch a man and an Irishman of the noblest type; steady, straightforward, and clear-sighted. He made no mistakes. He grew rich off printer's ink, and he printed nothing unclean. He loved the animal as the human kingdom heartily; a blunt and breezy out-of-doors man, with a rare taste and sense for books. We tender to those that loved him the homage of our sincere and respectful sympathy.

Louisville COURIER-JOURNAL.

In Memoriam

Could anything be more truly and worthily American than the tone and character and work of Collier's that brings the written and admirably guided illustrated Weekly? Are not its ideals and its example an inspiration to a multitude of readers, in all parts of the country? And it is the creation of a man who came to this country poor, obscure, without influence or friends, just as any other youth might who felt that the world held wider opportunities for him than he could find in his native Ireland.

Peter Fenelon Collier was not quite sixty when he died, but he had accomplished a notable life work. Gaining wealth was the least of his achievements, if measured by any high and just standard. He built up a great organ of public opinion, a mouthpiece of the highest type of American citizenship. He put good books within the reach of millions of readers. He rose so far and so worthily that his own career was a valuable example for young men, whether native born or home-seekers come over the sea like himself.

It will never be time to lower American hopes of America or American ideals of American life and growth as long as such stories of success, on a great scale and well-earned, remain typical of this land of opportunity.

CLEVELAND LEADER.

In Memoriam

Mr. Collier was a wonderful man; almost as indefatigable in his activities as Mr. Roosevelt himself. He did an enormous amount of work, made a fortune by creditable means, and combined with his work more play than any successful business man we know of. His death at sixty indicates that he may have overtaxed his energies. But he got a great deal out of life that he liked—money, friendship, reputation, and sport—and he used handsomely what he got.

LIFE, New York City.

At the time of his death he was not only head of the publishing firm of P. F. Collier & Son, but was owner of Collier's Weekly, the periodical which he founded and upon which, as far as the American public is concerned, his fame will rest. Under his auspices Collier's Weekly has become to be both widely read and widely respected for the systematic campaign that it has carried on against corruption of all kinds.

LONDON (Eng.) TIMES.

In Memoriam

He used it (his fortune) for the establishment of a periodical of such fidelity to high ideals, of such sprightliness and originality and courage and force, as to perform a great service for the American public and to exert a very marked influence on the journalistic traditions of the country. That periodical, of course, is the nimble-witted Collier's Weekly, accurately called a national organ of intelligence.

As an illustrated journal of comment and news, Collier's fulfills its mission in a time of greatly increased demands and higher artistic standards, as well as augmented facilities, with an adequacy never surpassed by any similar American journal in the past and with a success in appealing to the public interest not surpassed by the illustrated journals which have the facilities of foreign capitals at their disposal.

The death of the man who hazarded capital in the gathering of a brilliant staff and the founding of a periodical of such radicalism, tempered with sanity, as to be almost a new and experimental type in its class of periodicals, can not be a matter of indifference to the public. He has left a memorial of his life work in a form exceeding that of the memorials of other men.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

In Memoriam

Peter F. Collier was a splendid and inspiring example of what hard work and perseverance may accomplish. He was born a poor boy, but he had ambitions, and they were the kind that are fruitful of good society in general. He was once a book agent. Later he became a publisher, and in that capacity he used his opportunity and his splendid energy in the cause of cleaner and better things. The weekly which bears his name he made a power for better and cleaner politics and living. He fashioned it to be an independent agency of right, and it promises to remain an enduring monument to a man who knew how to play as well as work and use the fruits of his industry to fine public advantage.

Saratoga Springs (N. Y.) SARATOGIAN.

In Memoriam

The death of Peter F. Collier, of New York, will be widely lamented. Both in business and private life he won and held devoted friendships. He was true to his friends, careful of his honor, fond of company and outdoor sports, energetic and able in business, and full of the milk of human kindness. These qualities brought him into prominence in diverse fields, and in all of them he discharged his obligations with fidelity, lent a helping hand to others, and left the world better than he found it.

WASHINGTON POST.

The Collier fortune was built on a foundation of wholesomeness and there was a spirit in it which bespoke something more than mere money grubbing. Imposing piles of architectural display are not libraries after all, and Dickens, Irving, Grote, and their peers in the home are practical educators.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH.

In Memoriam

The death of Peter F. Collier removes from earthly activity a figure of national importance. It is to be hoped that his spirit may hover over, inspire and guide the Weekly, which he established and brought to such a high standard.

SALT LAKE TRIBUNE.

Few men die with as clean or as noble a record as that of Peter F. Collier. His life was an inspiration to those who believe that success is obtainable without compromise or crookedness, a lesson to the cynics who think success is not possible within the moral law. Taking into consideration the virile, talented men it has assembled in its editorial rooms and the widening scope of their influence, Collier's seems destined to become a permanently potent factor in our national life. May the spirit of its brave, clean old founder live on in Collier's. May it continue to represent all that is pure and square and valiant in the citizenship of the republic!

BUTTE NEWS.

In Memoriam

The death of Peter F. Collier is a distinct loss to the publishing world. Mr. Collier's life ought to be an inspiration to every young man. He came to this country without a penny and he made a fortune out of the small beginning of the publishing house which has since developed into one of the largest and strongest and best-paying in the country. And the cheerful thing about the life work of this great man is the fact that there was no suggestion of taint about his wealth. It was honestly acquired in a legitimate business way, by the appreciation of an opportunity, the exertion of real effort in a sensible way, and the conservative application of sound business methods to the task in hand. It simply means that any young man has the chance in front of him and the opportunities are as numerous to-day as they ever were. Not the least significant of the successes of Mr. Collier is the weekly magazine known as Collier's Weekly, a publication which comes nearer to our ideal of a national weekly than any other publication we read. By this we do not mean to carry the inference that the editorial opinions expressed in this publication are right as we see the right, or that we endorse the utterances of that magazine, but the fact remains that it is a national force for great good, it is issued by men with courage and brains and newspaper ability, and it fills a good place in our life. We believe it will stand as a living, breathing monument to the memory of the head of the publishing house.

CALUMET GAZETTE.

In Memoriam

The death of Peter F. Collier removes one voice of power from the chorus that demanded better government and the subordination of measures to principle. With less loss the country could have seen many politicians retire to another sphere of usefulness.

JACKSONVILLE TIMES-UNION.

The sudden death of Peter Fenelon Collier, publisher of Collier's Weekly, came as a blow to many admirers in different parts of the country. A self-made man, Mr. Collier eventually attained to a position which enabled him to do much good through his honest criticism of evils which were a threat to the public. He was an alert citizen, a good liver, a steady fighter. He will be missed in Ireland, his native land; for he had ridden to the hounds in that country for a number of years, and only recently had been chosen master of the hounds in one of the smart sporting clubs of the Emerald Isle.

TROY RECORD.

In Memoriam.

The passing of a man like Mr. Collier is a great loss to the publishing field, and serves to call attention to a remarkable life which uplifted an immense public with the best literature at smaller prices than such literature ever sold before, and established a Weekly which has now become a foremost factor in national affairs.

PRINTERS' INK, New York City.

Without influential friends Peter Fenelon Collier rose to the front by dint of his own unaided exertions; and the example which this sturdy business man has left behind him is worth vastly more to his young countrymen than are all his golden accumulations.

ATLANTA (Ga.) GEORGIAN.

He was not only one of the best known publishers in the country but also one of its most thorough and keenest sportsmen, and for years was master of the Meadow Brook Hounds. He was a good friend, a good companion, and a good man.

BIT AND SPUR.

In Memoriam

The death last week of Mr. P. F. Collier removes from the field of sport here and abroad one of nature's noblemen who will be held in grateful memory by many thousands of people all over the world. Hunting enthusiasts and polo players ought to raise a monument on the spot where he has gone to earth at Wickatunk, New Jersey. They laid him tenderly under the sod on a hill overlooking his own farm, Tuesday last, and the scene was worthy of a painter's brush. Huntsmen, horses and hounds gathered there, after impressive services in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York. His riding cap and hunting horn were placed upon the coffin and buried with him. Many of the best known sportsmen in this country attended the services, and there was not a dry eye as the genial old gentleman's remains were laid to rest. We will never see another like him. He was positively "one of the best."

SPORTS OF THE TIMES. .

In Memoriam

For a long time he was Master of Hounds at the Meadow Brook Club, and he had recently been chosen to a similar position in Ireland, where, each year, he for several months hunted with some of the most noted packs. His devotion to life in the open was characteristic and although he had many a serious accident, which would have killed any ordinary rider, he recovered rapidly and was again in the saddle. In fact, this healthy, wholesome condition was typical of the man. He was chivalrous to a degree, and, true to his standard, fought valiantly, with pen and influence, slander, abuses and corruption, and came out of the fray triumphant. For the rest, Mr. Collier was a genial, kindly and cultivated gentleman. He was a delightful host, a witty raconteur and a man of wide reading.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

He has sown the seed of clean methods, which will always bear fruit, in better lives and higher ideals.

CHICAGO NEWS.

In Memoriam

Peter F. Collier was a splendid and inspiring example of what hard work and perseverance may accomplish. He rendered a service to his country in the distribution among the people of cheap and admittedly good literature.

ST. LOUIS MIRROR.

Collier's Weekly—one of the nation's strongest forces for good government, for higher standard of thought and work and business—such a paper the nation owes to Peter F. Collier.

DENVER NEWS.

Those who gave him the helping hand in the days of adversity, Mr. Collier remembered in the days of plenty. Prosperity could not help but smile on such a man.

BUFFALO TIMES.

In Memoriam

He built up one of the greatest independent Weeklies in the country.

WAVERLY (Minn.) STAR.

He will be greatly missed as a journalist and reformer.

EVANSVILLE (Minn.) ENTERPRISE.

One of the really big factors in American economies was P. F. Collier. He was the inventor of the all-prevalent instalment plan, or at least he started it going. Whatever may be written of him it can not be denied that his business policies inaugurated an era of imitators which has had its influence in contributing comforts and utilities, as well as luxuries, to American homes which would not have been attained had not the Irish lad's quick wit pointed out the way.

SAN FRANCISCO NEWS-LETTER.

He took justifiable pride in all his success. A true sportsman and gentleman.

THE OUTLOOK, New York.

In Memoriam

Peter Fenelon Collier . . . was a fine example of foreign-born lads who found in America their opportunity and made the most of it. His capital consisted of keen intelligence, indefatigability, a good heart, kindly disposition, and a peculiarly buoyant temperament. He worked hard and he played hard, and to the credit of his memory be it said that whatever he did he did well. Of his making and selling of books there was no end; but the books he made and sold were good books. We have never heard of his yielding in a single instance to the obvious temptation to print flashy or even trashy material simply because it was easy to sell. And when he started his paper he made it a high-class paper, and appointed a high-minded editor whom he upheld in all good works. It seems a pity, and we are unfeignedly sorry, that he had to die at a time when life had become a joy not only to himself, but to all who knew and appreciated the graciousness of a cheering spirit which never flagged and never failed to lend encouragement to others.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

In Memoriam

As a friend for many years of the late Peter F. Collier, I would like to express through the columns of your paper the sense of loss that his sudden death has caused.

Mr. Collier was widely known both in this country and abroad. In his public life he was without doubt appreciated and admired by many who did not know him personally.

But it is of his personality, as known to his friends, that I would particularly like to speak. He was a man of broad humanity, generous, and charitable, as many whom he helped will testify, but he was always loyal to his ideal of work. All his life he worked hard himself, and expected hard work from others. He believed that work was indispensable to success, but also that it was indispensable to an honorable career, and that no one deserved well of his fellows who was not a toiler in some form for the benefit of humanity.

He was in this sense an idealist, and struck firmly and frankly the keynote of what may be called the great idea of the twentieth century.

But he was also the kindest of men; he gave generously of all he had and brought pleasure into the lives of countless people.

In Memoriam

He was thoroughly democratic, and at his table one would meet on equal terms people in all walks of life. Anyone whom Mr. Collier liked personally was a welcomed guest.

He had a genius for sociability, if one may so express it, and his gay good nature, his quick wit, and his clear brain, made him a most delightful companion.

To my mind Peter Collier was as much of a real sportsman as we have ever had in this country, and always stood for the highest ideals.

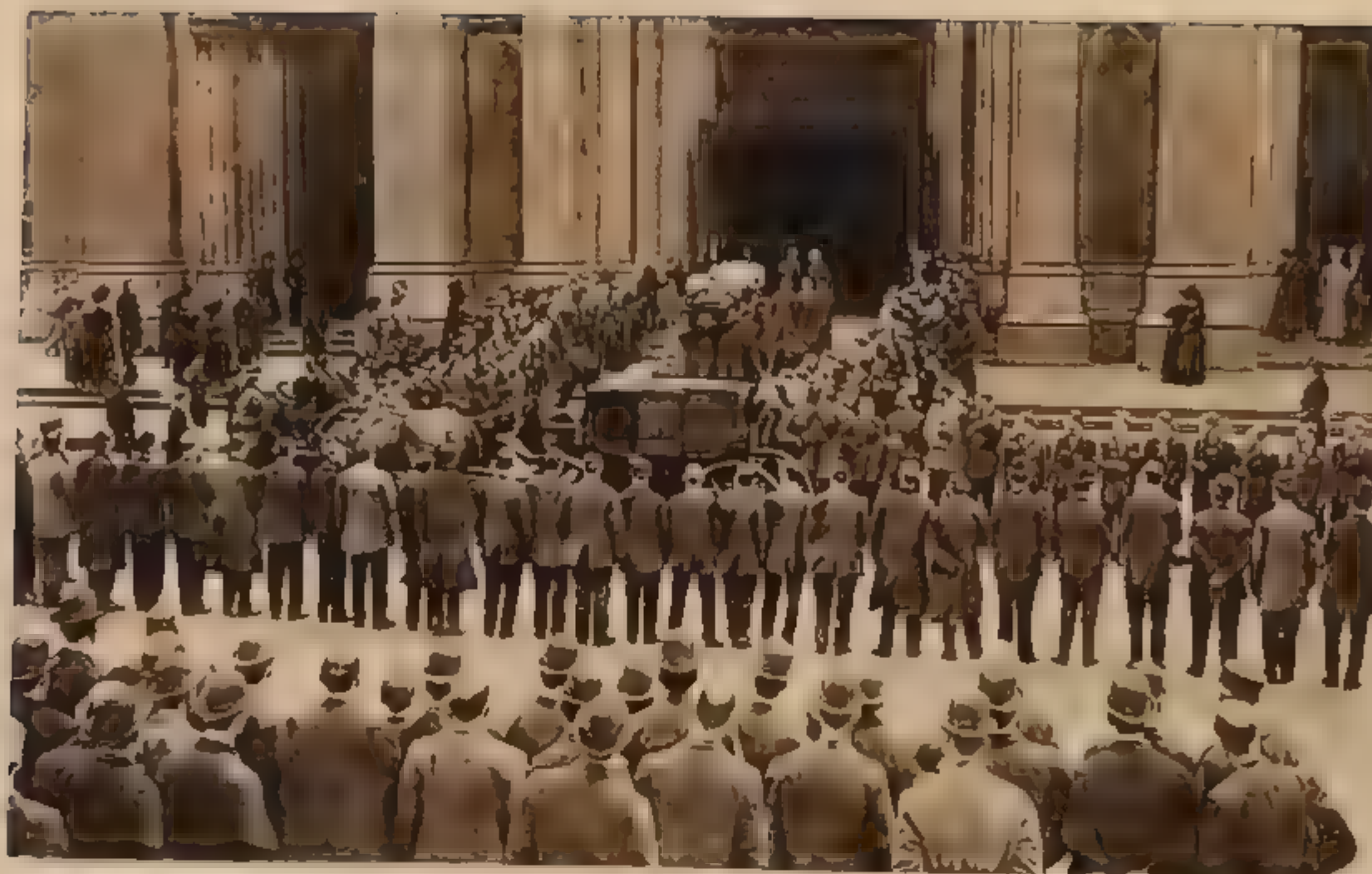
I am sure that anyone who has seen him follow the hounds in Ireland, or as master of the Meadow Brook hounds, or over his own country in New Jersey, will testify that he rode straight and had the habit of leading the way over a most difficult country.

In polo he always played the game fairly and with dash and courage.

I feel that a notable personage has gone from among us, and that his place cannot be filled.

WILLIAM A. HAZARD,

in the New York EVENING POST.



The casket bearing the remains of
Peter Fenelon Collier
being carried into
St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.
The services were conducted by the
Right Rev. Bishop Byrne, of Tennessee,
assisted by the
Rev. James A. Reynolds, of Red Bank, New Jersey.



The funeral cortège
passing up Fifth Avenue.
Hundreds of Mr. Collier's employees
followed the coffin
and acted as
a guard of honor
as the casket was carried
into the Cathedral.



